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I don't know if anyone will ever read this or not. I just have to let it out somehow and I can't really express it to another human being the way I want to. I'm going to speak frankly to whom it may concern. You know I'm really confused about a few things. My friend Jeff died. I don't know if it was my fault or not, but the fact remains. The way his brother is acting to me is not the most natural attitude I've ever heard of. To say that you'll kill me and anyone with me is not facing reality. I've had a lot of trouble. So has everyone else. Some more than others. It is true that losing a brother is a hard thing to face. You have to face someone to blame. I didn't mean to hurt anybody, Especially someone I care about. There is nothing I can do to bring Jeff back. If I were killed it would do nothing but cause more pain and grief. I would kill myself if it would bring Jeff back.

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Now understand, I fear no person. I fear a lot of things. I am not, however, afraid to die. Because I know there is life after death. I refuse to run from a man who says he shall kill me. I have no reason to do so. I and my family have gone through hell over the death of Jeff. More than anyone could imagine. Not because of my penalty or because of a lawsuit, but because I lost a great friend. Everyone that ever met Jeff loved him, you couldn't help yourself.

Just for a moment put yourself in my place. Think about it. I couldn't go to his funeral, I couldn't talk to his family, and I barely held up. I may have looked as though I didn't care or I had no feelings. But believe me I have feelings, I miss Jeff and I loved him; he will be in my mind forever. You may think it foolish for me to say all this. You would probably feel the same way, no doubt.

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I want you to wonder about it for a while. It seems weird doesn't it. I would probably freak you out if you were me. Whomever reads this, please let Bob Smith read it if he carries out his threat against me. I wish him and his whole family to know how sorry I am. It could have been me that died. If that were the case, there would have been no blame or threats against anyone. Even if Jeff had been driving my folks would have not put the fault on anyone. They would have said, it's just God's will. Period. I can't hide from Bob or anyone. I refuse to. That's just me. I'm really sorry it happened. I wanted Jeff to be with me because I just had gotten a new car and I wanted my friend to cruise with me. It's the first thing I thought about when I got to town. Go get Jeff and go out for a while and then take a few close friends out to eat. My intentions were good, but fate just happened to be against me that day. I'll stop rapping

now. I'll see everyone in the after life. Page 4
I love everybody and I want to see
Jeff again someday.

Love,

James Paul Litteral, Jr.

April 20th, 1976

12:21 A.M. Tuesday